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Millocke - - Poor Jonathan - 1891.

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THE BEQUEST OF
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1918

MUSIC LIBRARY

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MONDAY EVENING MARCH 9th 1891

150th PERFORMANCE

Good

POOR



THE CAST INCLUDES

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AND

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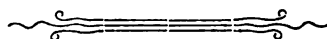
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DIRECTOR OF MUSIC, GUSTAVE KERKER.

J. Ottmann Lith. Cambridge N.Y.



RUDOLPH ARONSON, Manager.



This (Monday) Evening, March 9th, 1891,

150TH

PERFORMANCE OF

POOR JONATHAN.

COMEDY OPERA IN 3 ACTS.

THE WORDS BY

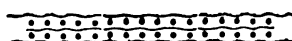
HUGO WITTMANN AND JULIUS BAUER.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY JOHN P. JACKSON AND RALPH A. WEILL.

MUSIC BY

CARL MILLOECKER.

PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF HEINRICH CONRIED.



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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

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INTRODUCTION.

C. MILLÖCKER.

The musical score is written for piano and violin. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The first system shows the piano part with a strong bass line and the violin part with a melodic line. The second system continues with similar energy. The third system introduces a *Meno mosso* tempo change and a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The fourth system features a piano (*p*) dynamic and a change in the piano part's texture. The fifth system is marked *Andante* and features a more melodic piano part. The sixth system concludes with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a *rail.* (railroad) articulation marking.

Poor Jonathan.

SONG.—“Wilt thou my true love be?”

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction for the piano, marked with a forte (f) dynamic. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics: "Wilt thou my true love be? no, no, no, no! Please for sure have me to see, Art thou my dear-est prey? nay, nay, My pleas-ures does it op-press, yes, yes; yes, yes,". The piano accompaniment for this system is marked piano (p). The third system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "fraid should to wed beguile no, no, no, no, but I must wait a-while, must wait a- while." The piano accompaniment for this system includes dynamics of mezzo-forte (mf), piano (p), and mezzo-forte (mf). The fourth system concludes the vocal melody with the lyrics: "That spoke Za - net - to to, Zu - li - etta, Good - look - ing was Za - net - to, Soothe when". The piano accompaniment for this system is marked piano (p). The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures, and dynamic markings.

Wilt thou my true love be? no, no, no, no! Please for sure have me to see,
Art thou my dear-est prey? nay, nay, My pleas-ures does it op-press, yes, yes; yes, yes,

fraid should to wed beguile no, no, no, no, but I must wait a-while, must wait a- while.

That spoke Za - net - to to, Zu - li - etta, Good - look - ing was Za - net - to, Soothe when

Poor Jonathan.

H he appeared cried ev-'ry po-ver-et-ta: O see, O see, the handsome youth! The shy cut youth the

H shil-ly shal-ly, His mind he did not seem to know, And with the maiden ev-er dil-ly dal-lied. A pit-y sure that

H it was so, Oh, shil-ly shal and dil-ly dall,—at first a yes, and then a no!

H Wilt thou my true love be? No, no, no, no! Pleased for sure here me to see,

Poor Jonathan.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, fraid should to wed be-guile, No, no, no, no, But I must wait a -

ENCORE.

- while, must wait a - while. And this, Za-net-to shil-ly shal-lid, and ma-ny years passed

quick-ly by, and then he found where'er he fine-ly dal-lid no use it was for him to try.

At last, he heard up in her cham-ber, a maid-en sing-ing sweet and low. O pov-er-et-ta prithee

please re - mem - ber 'tis now your turn to an - swer so: O dil - ly dal, and

p *mf* *p* *mf*

dil - ly do, yes, first with yes, and then with no!

CATALUCSI.

pp The mel - o - dy I'll quick - ly jot, It ought to be worth quite a lot.

Wilt thou my true love be? No, no, no, no, pleased for sure

CHORUS.

pp Yes, she sings it well and tru - ly, let ap -

pp Yes, she sings it well and tru - ly, let ap -

pp *pp*

Poor Jonathan.

have me to see? yes, yes, yes, yes, See me be - fore thy door, and there

- please be giv - en du - ly Show - ing we de - light - ed

- please be giv - en du - ly Show - ing we de - light - ed

mf

re - main, For I've just got a - noth - er swain For I've just got a -

are, de - light ed are with our great and

are, de - light ed are with our great and

p

Poor Jonathan.

H *noth - er swain, My dar - ling boy, just there re - main for I've just tak - en a - noth - - er*
beau - ti - ful star, Hail our Pri - ma Don - na Di -
beau - ti - ful star, Hail our Pri - ma Don - na ' Di -

mf

H *swain! . . .*
- va!
- va!

f *8va.....* *sf*

Poor Jonathan.

SONG OF THE IMPRESSARIO.

QUICKLY.

Yes, I'm an Im - pres - sa - ri - o, I'm al - ways flutt'ring to and fro and round the world I

quick - ly go by steam - er and ex - press, And so I say ce - ler - i - ty ce -

- ler - i - ty, Dex - ter - i - ty and just a lit - tle ver - i - ty and thus I win suc - cess. Where I

Poor Jonathan.

Allegro.

grew up big - ger then to cut a figure, Showing off the treasure of a dime mu - se - um Each

mon - stros - i - ty show'd cu - ri - os - i - ty, Thousands slung their money down to see'em. Business

now more choice is, deal in legs and voic - es, Could'nt my am - bi - tion soaring, long sur - prises, Donnas

ten - ors, dan - cers seek - ing, Bet - ter an - swers when a man up in the world has ris'n, And so

Poor Jonathan.

to and fro 'round the world I go, Seek - ing stars of first mag - ni - tude you know.

One day on the Spree, next in Am - ster - dam, Next I'm on the sea, and then here I am.

State street or Broad - way, that's my lit - tle way. All the world knows, when here I

come, Ra - ta - ta, zin, ra - ta - ta zin, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum! And

rallent.

Poor Jonathan.

Tempo I.

so I hur - ry to and fro,— a prop - er im - pre - sa - ri - o, As round the world I

quick - ly go, by steam - er or ex - press. And so I say ce - ler - i - ty, ce -

- ler - i - ty, dex - ter - i - ty And just a lit - tle ver - i - ty and thus I win suc -

Allegro moderato.

- cess. I nev - er found up -

Poor Jonathan.

on my hon - or tho' ver - y far has been my search, The sing - er, ten - or, bass or don - na who

nev - er left me in the lurch! The ri - val pri - ma don - nas quar - rel, and prin - ciples are sometimes

hoarse, Just when I dream, I've got a bar - rel of mon - ey in the house of course.

Sit - ting down to din - ner, think I've struck a win - ner; Through the door - way bounce husband, prim - a don - na.

Poor Jonathan.

Know I am a gon - er, then and there an-nounc - er Di - va hoarse and can-not

mf

Piu mo.

sing. From the ta - ble hur - ry, to her 'partment hur - ry,—

Cries and goes in dread - ful sto - ries, Got her head - ful, cause her pups got col - ic,

Ped. * *Ped.*

She feels Di - a - bol - ic, faint-ing, ster-ics, just ev'-ry - thing.

p

Poor Jonathan.

f > > > > > *(fistel.)* *p* *bb* *f* > > > > > *(fistel.)* *p* *bb*

But you must ap - pear! oh, the pret - ty dear. In the con - tract dear, oh, the dar - ling dear!

mf *p* *mf* *p*

8va..... *8va*.....

I shall ruined be! all the same to me, House is just jamed up! oh, the dear, dear pup.

mf *p* *p*

8va..... *8va*.....

Shout my - self quite hoarse. She wept more of course,— barks and

mf

yells that pup, O God, and I am in the soup! Wau, wau, wau, wau, wau! And

f

Tempo I.

that's the way my mon - ies go, a prop - er im - pre - sa - ri - o, As round the world I

p

quick - ly go by steam - er or ex - press; And so, I cry ce -

sf *p*

ler - i - ty, ce - ler - i - ty, Dex - ter - i - ty and just a lit - tle ver - i - ty, and

thus I win suc - cess.

Poor Jonathan.

DUET.—“As if but Yesterday.”

HARRIET. *Andantino.*

RUBIGOLD.

It seems to me as if but yes - ter - day! Ev - er be-

pp

Andante.

- fore my earn - est gaze ris - es the dream of ear - lier days, when the de - mur - est flow - er and pur - est grew, 'mid the

mf

blos - som - ing glo - ries a - round. Now she has grown so handsome fair, speechless, I look up - on her

there; A hand would ask her, gent - ly would task her, if she her heart hath not yet found. How would I

pp

Poor Jonathan.

H *tr*u - ly tell, what so new - ly Came and yet soothe to be, Does not seem, Love that we

H chier - ish, quiet-ly now per - ish, Still let my life be lived as a dream! aye, my life to be

H *pp ritard.* lived as a dream! oh, Still let me dream on un - con - fess'd— Lin - ger sweet peace with - in my
 RUBIGOLD. *p*
 R Aye, then can dream on un - con - fess'd! Peace yet may lin - ger in thy

ritard. *a tempo.* *pp* *mf*

H breast. Soon comes the light, the her - ald of day, Then I will hark to what love may
 R breast.

f *f*

Poor Jonathan.

H
say, not yet, may be,

R
say, Dost thou not love? Art thou not lov'd? Speak out the truth, e'en tho' the heart should

p

H
may be, not yet, Nor will the true heart

R
break. Art thou not lov'd? Dost thou not love? Speak out the truth, e'en tho' the heart may

mf

H
break if love but lin - ger on for love's own sake.

R
break, speak out the truth, O love, ... for love's own sake.

ff

rall. *sf*

Poor Jonathan.

WALTZ SONG.—“As we hapless Prima Donnas.”

HARRIET. *rall.* *a tempo.*

Ah! we hap - less Pri - ma Don - nas much an - noy - ance we must
rall. *a tempo.*
 bear Peo - ple think that fame and hon - ors are a - lone the
rall. *a tempo.*
 sing - er's share. We are slaves and con - tract bound - en, cheers, ap -
 - plaus - es last not long though our praise is . . loud - ly round - en

Poor Jonathan.

... our good fortune and our song.

Ah! un - tril - lo bra - va, bra - va, bra - va,

Ah tres bien, tres - bien, ah, quel - le est bel - le!

Ah! Ach Jott, wie jott - voll! El - jen! Sla - va!

rallent.

H Ah! . . . Oh, charm-ing— he sings well! Yes, some-times the heart may be lone - ly, While

p rallent

pp

H yet; the world at large a-dore. The glance around seeks for one on - ly, And that one

rall.

H on - ly comes no more! While I live in this world of won - der, Where wan - ders he the wide world

rall.

H o'er? Oh! say, what keeps fond hearts a - sun - der! Why comes he nev - er, nev - er more? 'Tis thus I

Poor Jonathan.

ask and then a-lack the an-swer comes an ech-o back! oh! Ah!

what is life with-out glo-ry? Sing Son-nam-bu-la or Bar-bier, Trav-i-a-ta,

p

a little faster.

Trov-a-to-ra. Love would cost thee all too dear, And thus worries are ev-er nec-es-sa-ry,

CATALUCCI.

And thus sor-row come often with fame! . . . And woes nev-er ceas-ing! 'Tis a shame!

f

Poor Jonathan.

But . . . we at

What a shame! 'Tis a shame!

'Tis a shame! 'Tis a shame!

'Tis a shame! 'Tis a shame! 'Tis a shame!

rall.

Little slower.

times a - venge us tru - ly, Some times we are in - dis - posed . . . Cer - ti - fied by doc - tors

du - ly, And the thea - tre must be closed! . . . We at times avenge us Some times

Ha, ha, ha! We at times a - venge us tru - ly, Some times we are

Ha, ha, ha! We at times a - venge us tru - ly, Some times we are

f

Poor Jonathan.

H we're indisposed! Cer - ti - fied by doc - tors du - ly, And the - a - tre closed! Ah!

B we're in- disposed! *f*

C we're in- disposed! Cer - ti - fied by doc - tors du - ly, And the - a - tre closed!

Q *f*

Br we're in- disposed! Cer - ti - fied by doc - tors du - ly, And the - a - tre closed!

H *f*

B du - ly, and the - a - tre, du - ly, and the - a - tre, closed!

C

Q du - ly, and the - a - tre, du - ly, and thea - tre, closed! . . .

Br

Sua.

ff

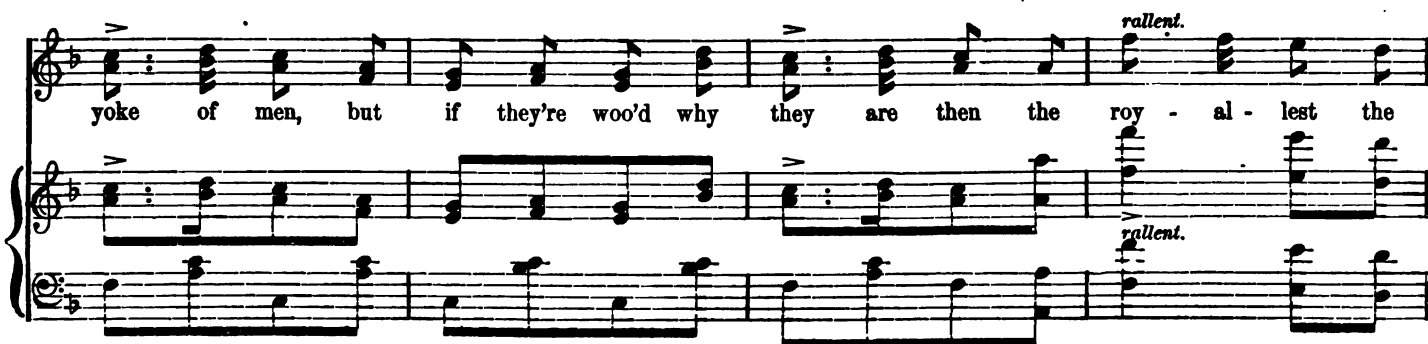
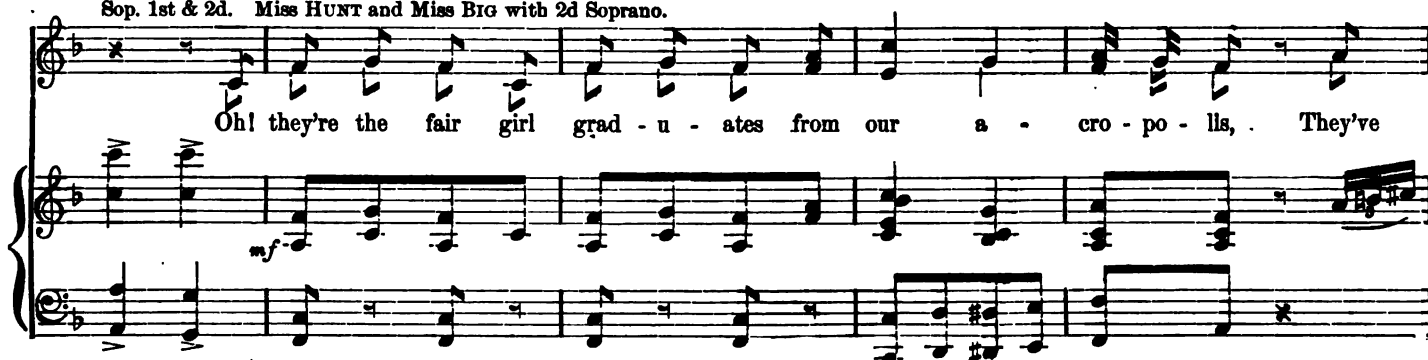
Poor Jonathan.

CHORUS OF GRADUATES.

March tempo.



Miss GRANT with 1st Soprano.
Sop. 1st & 2d. Miss HUNT and Miss BIG with 2d Soprano.



Poor Jonathan.

a tempo.

loy - al - est of girls a - gain. If Miss or Miss - es, Miss - es, Miss and

a tempo.

free to do just that and this, They're up in class - ic love, and know a great deal

more! By Ju - pi - ter! they're fit to kiss. If Miss or Miss - es,

f

Miss - es, Miss a mer - - ry laugh - - ing stu - - dent

corps! A mer - - ry laugh - - ing stu - - dent corps!

sf

Poor Jonathan.

DUET.—“When We were still Young.”

21

JONATHAN. *Andantino.*

When we were still young and had no barret, Like two young turtle doves were

we; But since we're rich if we don't quarrel, We don't live quite in har-mo - ny!

How e - lo - quent thy si - lence, Mol - ly, When we lived through our days of trial, And

now we're rich and should be jol - ly, You growl just like the big bass viol. You

Poor Jonathan.

JON.

talk of mu-sic for my life, and harmony and such things; And as if you fancied man and wife, were members of a house hold band! Yes.

You've hit the nail right on the spot, and said just what I never dared too!

household mu- sic, that's just what married life is compared too! Now,

MOLLY. *Allegro moderato.*

For sure and if you'd know! The mar - ried man, comes ver - y nice - ly

tell me is it so?

Peor Jonathan.

As the ac - comp'nist in the while the wife is here pre - cise - ly, Al - ways play - ing first vio -

Little slower. JON. a tempo.

- lin. The less, a wife that point dis - cuss - es, the more of hap - pi -

The musical score is for a song. It features a vocal line (JON.) and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Little slower.' and 'a tempo.' The lyrics are: 'The less, a wife that point discusses, the more of happiness'. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte).

ness she boasts, For while she with the fid - dle fuss - es, She can - not rule the

Little slower.

f

M Fi - di, fi - di, fi - di, fi - di, fi - di, fi

J roost! dai di di, dai di di, dai di di, dai di da dai di di, dai di di, dai di di,

p

Poor Jonathan.

di, plim, plim, plim, plim, plim, plim, plim, fi - e di, fi - - di!

dia da da da, dia da da, di

mf

p Moderato. *a little slower.*

List - en how the mu - sic goes! See how he ad - van - ces! See how well the

List - en how the mu - sic goes! See how he ad - van - ces! See how well the

p *mf*

p a tempo.

mark he toes, grace - ful - ly he dan - ces! Fi - di, fi - di, fi - di, fi - di, fi - di,

mark he toes, grace - ful - ly he dan - ces! dadl di di di,

pp

Poor Jonathan.

fi - di, fi - di, fi - di grace - ful - ly he dan - ces.

dadl di di di, didl di du, didl di du, didl di du, didl di du grace - ful - ly he dan - ces.

MOLLY. *Tempo I.*

And when the boy be - gins to prat - tle,

Cor - net music, goodness knows! For he just makes the win - dows rat - tle, When he his ti - ny trumpet

a little slower. JONATH. *a tempo.*

blows. Es - pe - cial - ly the fourth, the glo - rious; he thinks is on - ly

Poor Jonathan.

a tempo.

mark he toes, grace-ful - ly he dan - ces! Fi - di, fi da-da-ra-ta, fi - di, fi - di, fi da-da-ra-da,

mark he toes, grace-ful - ly he dan - ces! Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum,

pp

p rall.

See how well the mark he toes, grace-ful - ly he dan - ces,

p

JONATHAN.

See how well the mark he toes, grace-ful - ly he dan - ces, And

p

rall.

f a tempo.

p

Tempo 1.

then at last why he'll get wedded And it may come to pass He'll get a moth-er-in-law, the dread - ed

p

Poor Jonathan.

MOLLY.

And she's the con- tra - bass! And so my friends, pray do not wor - ry! You

see we've mu - sic to command, For with the mas-ter, the children,
The master, we make up a very good old fashioned fam'ly.

f *March tempo.*

Tschin bumm, bumm, da-da- ra bumm, da-da- ra tschin drrrrram bam, List - en how the mu- sic goes,
band Bumm, bumm, da-da- ra bumm, da-da- ra tschin drrrrram bam, List - en how the mu- sic goes,

Poor Jonathan.

see how he ad - van - ces, See how well the mark he toes! Grace - ful - ly he dan - ces,

see how he ad - van - ces, See how well the mark he toes! Grace - ful - ly he dan - ces,

yes When they hear the mu - sic,

yes the men folks and the girls folks, They're all to de - light - ed, When they hear the mu - sic,

when they see the play - ers all in heart u - nit - ed!

when they see the play - ers all in heart u - nit - ed!

8va.....

Poor Jonathan.

SONG.—“I am the Unfortunate Jonathan.”

Moderato.

Luck is mean, a poor cook's dream, I have my share of grief and care; They

drove me out, midst cry and shout, From where my an - gel dwells. Well,

peace to thee,— from age de - liv'r, You are no doubt like sour krout, A -

- dieu, a - dieu, my kid - ney stew, In which my skill ex - cells. Oh,

*Piu mosso.**poco meno mosso.*

dear, no one does know my woes and my sor - row. No girl to

Poor Jonathan.

a tempo.

wed, no cake no bread, I am a cook and

Meno mosso.

have my meal to bor - row. Re - lief I'll on - ly find when

Allegro.

dead! My fate it took my hopes a - way With one full cru - el

rallén *tan* *do.*

swoop, It had a bone to pick with me And now I'm in the

rallén *tan* *do.*

Moderato. Waltz tempo.

soup. Ha! I am the un - for - tu - nate Jon - a - than, did ev - er you

Poor Jonathan.

see a more luck - less man, For break-fast and din - ner I'm crav - ing, Stom - ach al - ways

... for them rav - ing, yes rav - ing, so hope - less - ly great is my ap - pe - tite, 'Tis

aw - ful - ly hard to be sat - is - fied. Pock - ets and can - teens are emp - ty and

dry, I will wan - der so, good-bye! good - bye! *Allegro vivo.*

Poor Jonathan.



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